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Non-Fiction (529 Words)

Cat Wrestling

Note: "Easy Mac" was a fine kitty cat mascot, indeed. 100% feline.

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Dear Easy Mac: A crispy desert afternoon when I saw seven-foot-four André the Giant the wrestler (and haiku Mr. Saito) swingin' arms and guts at the big Vegas convention center. Wow. They flattened villain Moondog Mayne, a sweaty guy who looked rather like a white dude crawled from a New Orleans overpass in succulent dirty drawers. Mayne got awfully angry when I yelled three times he was an ugly bastard. Easy Mac, he stared my way five full seconds, a Goddamned werewolf wanting ass.

Point is, today it all reminds me of the time I was once presented to a major Hollywood prospect by a car full of dudes in shiny suits, young-ish bros who self-owned a serious production company. All of them shot down Wilshire on my personal behalf to the biggest movie agency in the world...to get a Lance Mazmanian far out funny gothic surreal romance flick, a totally original US\$53-million mainstream thing with a delightful Ethan Peck-ish main and a Joel Schumacher based "very gay" supporting lead, packaged and made.

Miss you, Joel!

Yes, my life was near to flip like the Jesus Christ steak at an Albuquerque Waffle House. But alas, Easy Mac, alas! I was tossed to shit at the later agency meet; guys in the car just went off to a fab Beverly Hills club to leave my DNA exterminated.

Script was then later dropped in a circular file, trashed by an Avenue-of-the-Stars titan agent (and his assistant). Nasty banner to wear. Common LA banner for sure, though.

Yeah, Easy Mac, it's true that many an art-type body in Hollywood (and elsewhere) gets a business steel shaft here and there, popping from the mouth after a push in the back. Of course I got drizzly, emotional devastated, adrift as fuque...because life was finally set to begin from the big meet, but didn't. Embarrassed over the planet I was from it all, sick and pissed but truly not all that unusual a Hollywood situation, as I knew.

Easy Mac, it was *still* a killer. Nothing like a thing about to change the whole Goddamned galaxy suddenly tossed in a portable John on Sunset Boulevard (or Century City)...with people watching. So to speak.

Easy Mac, it was one of many premium "Life Lessons" so I'm no longer dinged or dented at all by the memory. Trust me, I've grown to near impenetrable. Learned a library over time, not even mad at anyone, anywhere...but Easy Mac, it woulda been nice to nail it back then. Mega-nice.

And y'know, Easy Mac, life is funny. A big fuckin' Christmas tree, on fire. But sometimes Easy Mac, *sometimes* ornaments fall and roll from the tree to the best places ever...and a big-assed skyscraper magically grows where it was just before a toilet.

Yeah, *sometimes* Moondog Mayne leaves the building...and André the Giant makes a tasty batch of Boeuf Bourguignon, or maybe Coq au Vin...at A24 or *Appian Way* or even *Skydance*.

Easy Mac, it's weird how all that stuff happens. But thanks for listening. Really. Be well.

Meow Meow Pow Pow!

P.S. You kinda look like Spock.

End.